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Pac. Theo. Sem. Reading Room

TWO DISCOURSES.

Saint Francis, so the quaint old tale doth run,
Returning homeward with his labor done,
Entered a glade at setting of sun.

Awearied from the long and fasting day,
He leaned against a trunk of hoary gray
For brief refreshing, ere his onward way.

Full straightway an audience drew near;
On floating wing from out the ether clear,
On fluttering pinion free from woodland fear.

The aged saint, with face serene and mild,
Looked on the concourse and as gently smiled,
Spake to each birdling as a tender child.

The birds, enrapt, gave reverent silent heed,
Waited in peace his teachings' utmost need,
Stayed for his blessing and his mild "Godspeed."

So ran the tale, and it came back to me
As I, too, leaned upon a hoary tree,
While bird companions paused or flitted free.

So ran the olden tale, but different mine;
For through that hour of glimmering shade and shine
To me the birds preached sermons, line by line.

—Grace Jewett Austin.

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THE PACIFIC

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SOME NEEDED PRESENT-DAY LESSONS DRAWN FROM THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

In a notice of a new book concerning Dwight L. Moody, in The Pacific last week, mention was made of the commendation which he received from men of different doctrinal belief and of Mr. Moody's tolerance of positions quite at variance with his.

Inasmuch as there is going about the country at the present time an evangelist with a spirit very different from that always manifested by Mr. Moody and conducting himself in this and other respects in a manner so contrary to the teachings and example of Christ, we wish to lay emphasis on the fine Christian tolerance of Mr. Moody by quoting from some of the testimonies concerning him.

George Adam Smith, the eminent Scottish theologian and one of the foremost of "higher critics" writes: "We first met at Yale where I discovered for the first time what a hold Moody had on the respectful attention, I think I can say, admiration of American students. He asked me to speak at the commencement exercises of the Northfield schools and at the American Students Conference there. I hesitated, pleading on how many points I differed from the Northfield teaching about Scripture. His answer was, 'Come and say what you like,' and I felt at once the inspiration of his trust. At Northfield we had several conversations on Old Testament criticism, some alone, some with others. I shall never forget his patience, the openness of his mind, his desire to get at the real facts of criticism, or the shrewdness and humor with which he combatted them.

It was then that he finished our talk with the words: 'Look here, what's the use of telling the people there's two Isaiahs when most of them don't know that there's one?' But most beautiful was his anxiety about the effect of criticism upon piety and preaching; he had on his heart not only some congregations which had suffered many things from criticism in the pulpit, but the divisions in the churches which were due to critical views. But he was very fair, and said that these divisions were probably due not only to the new opinons about Scripture, but to the temper in which they had been met by the other side. One of the discussions with several friends concluded with prayer from him so earnest that I shall ever look back upon it as one of the greatest moments of my life."

Dr. Washington Gladden tells of some marked experiences with Mr. Moody in the inquiry room away back in 1878. "It was in these familiar and informal meetings that I came to know Mr. Moody best. It was in a day when men of my way of thinking were suspects in the Congregational fellowship. Some pretty persistent attempts had been made to drive us out. Mr. Moody had been warned that I was a heretic, but he did not seem to be afraid of me; on the contrary he used me very freely in the inquiry meeting. One evening as I was standing in the broad aisle I heard his voice from a side aisle opposite: 'Here, Mr. Gladden, I want you!' I made my way to him, and he led me to a pew in which three women were sitting. 'Talk to these women! he said. 'They are atheists. They don't believe in God nor the Bible, nor the future life. They don't believe anything.' And then quickly he said to a young girl who sat at the head of the pew, 'Here, you go with me. I don't want you to hear what these women are saying.' And he led her away.

It was all in perfect good nature. I sat down in front of the women, saying: 'Well, this is a queer introduction. What have you to say for yourselves?' 'It's all right, said one of them; 'he has told you the truth.'

"What I said to them is no part of the story. I have told it to show Moody's frank and fearless way in dealing with people.

"The experience of those inquiry meetings is one of the lights of memory. Above all the spirit of the man was so sweet, so tolerant—so kindly, that he drew all hearts towards him. He had no bitter or censorious words to speak about those who differed with him; he kindled no suspicions or hatreds in human hearts; he hurled no maledictions.

"I shall bear with me to my grave, and beyond, a grateful recollection of this clear-headed, broad-minded, greathearted man."

Lyman Abbot has said concerning Mr. Moody: "His marvelous energy and kindly spirit made friends for religion by the tens of thousands."

John R. Mott has written concerning him: "His enormous influence with college men cannot be explained apart from his unaffected humility. The great teacher must ever remain a disciple. Nothing was more impressive at the student conferences than to see Moody, after introducing a speaker, go down from the platform and take a seat at his feet, and from time to time jot down notes of what was being said. It was this openness to new ideas and responsiveness to new plans which did much to give him such a strong hold on growing, studying, ambitious young men. His willingness to receive criticism and to confess faults revealed genuine greatness of soul. Although he was one of the most masterful of men and one of the strongest personalities of his generation, he was modest and self-effacing to a marked degree."

Wherever Mr. Moody went he was Christ-like. President Wilson has related the following experience: "I was in a very plebeian place. I was in a barber's shop, sitting in a chair, when I became aware that a personality had entered the room. A man had come quietly in upon the same errand as myself and sat in the next chair to me. Every word he uttered, though it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had

attended an evangelistic service, because Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They did not know his name, but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship."

There was no slang, there was no vulgarity, there was no lowering of the standards of manhood, but Mr. Moody got into the lives and hearts of the men in that shop for immeasurable good. Without any coarseness he was a man with men and he left his impress.

Dr. Grenfell of Labrador fame, has stated that he never spoke to Moody but once, but that he is proud that a man of such type was the turning point in his life, and that he loves his memory better than that of any other man. Of what Moody's great contribution to his life consisted, Grenfell says: "It surely was just the wonderful portion of his Master's spirit. I had never considered religious folk quite as human. I needed D. L. Moody to believe that a man could be 'a man for a' that.'

Very true has it been said: "Neither God nor man will let such a life die."

Kaftan, one of the eminent lecturers at the University of Berlin is in the habit of saying to his students that the greatest problem of life is the problem of an appreciative understanding of the great personalities of history. Dwight L. Moody is one of those great personalities. We commend him to all present-day evangelists.

THE RIVER.

A Nature Sermon by Henry Kendall Booth.

The River! What a theme for poet, musician, artist! Tiny rill, foaming rivulet, leaping mountain torrent, murmuring brook, rushing stream, full-bosomed, placid flood—what perennial charm lies in these to stir the heart of man! Motion, change, progress, elusive and ever-shifting beauty in shine and shower, sun and storm; ripple and wave, foam and eddy, pool and cataract—all these have held man in rapt contemplation by thy banks, O River, as thou speedest ever onward to the sea! The music of the river, how it weaves itself into human hearts and finds voice in Burns' "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," and "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon:" how it soothes the restless heart and steals with gentle cadence into the life surcharged with sorrow. And what a place the river has had in human history! On its banks the human drama has been enacted, and what stirring acts have been staged by earth's great rivers. Euphrates and Tigris, Nile and Jordan, Tiber and Po, Dnieper and Danube—how the nations have fought by these in Titanic conflict until their banks were heaped high with corpses and their waters ran red with blood.

Nature's boundary lines between kingdoms and empires —how the armies of the world have coveted the grasp of their tawny floods. And into the life-history of the nations their waters have poured; and loved and cherished with affection almost human, their waves even deified and worshipped. In Egypt men adored the Nile, in Babylonia the Euphrates, in Damascus the Abana and Pharpar, In Rome the Tiber; while the savage hearts of the Teutonic hordes loved the Danube and the Rhine, and Minnesingers chanted their praises by the campfires. And what a part the river has played in the progress of civilization. Nature's thoroughfares from the known to the unknown; how the bold explorers and hardy adventurers pushed up the Nile, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Amazon, and along that blazed trail came art, service, invention, culture. Without our great rivers how long and painful would the progress of civilization have been in this, our own, America. And so the river has flowed on, bringing fertility to the soil, bearing the ships of commerce, harnessed to man's use—a mighty factor in the transformation of the race from barbarism to civilization.

It is no wonder then that art, music, literature, bear evidence that the river and its influence have been at work in human life. Rude pictures of the Nile and the Euphrates adorn the earliest pottery of far-gone ages. Songs in praise of the Tiber, the Rhine, the Danube, are caroled forth by the singers of the world. Poet and essayist have exhausted their utmost of genius in painting pictures of mountain stream and placid river. Even the sacred book of humanity opens in a garden with its four mystic rivers, and closes with the music of the river of life sounding in our ears. And all through the strains of Hebrew poets we are "led by the still waters", whose murmuring flow brought delight and refreshment to a dry and thirsty land. And the noisy Jordan, whose foaming torrent divides the Promised Land from the threatening desert, became to Hebrew bards a symbol of that river of death that flows between our desert life and the Land of Promise. And the poetry and the hymnody of the Christian Church have borrowed and glorified the figure. Large and influential indeed the place of the river in the life and thought of man.

There are two ways in which we may look on Nature. The first is represented by the prose-poem of Tourgenieff. The writer imagines himself in a vast cavern, which is filled by the presence of a majestic, womanly figure sunk in profound thought.

"I soon guessed that this woman must be nature herself, and a reverential fear like a sudden shiver penetrated my soul."

"I approached her and, greeting her respectfully, I cried: 'O Mother of us all—on what are you meditating? Are you perhaps thinking of the future fate of mankind, or of the long road that man must travel in order to reach the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness!' "

"The woman slowly turned her dark, terrible eyes, her lips moved, and with a thundering metallic voice she spoke:

" 'I am considering how to give greater strength to the muscles of a flea's leg, that it may escape more easily from its enemies. The equilibrium between attack and defence is lost, and must be restored.' "

" 'What?' stammered I. 'Is that what you are thinking about? Are not we men your dearest, favorite children?' "

"The woman frowned slightly and said: 'All creatures are my children: I care equally for you all, and annihilate all without distinction.' "

" 'But virtue, — reason, — justice?' I stammered again.

" 'Those are human words,' resounded the brazen voice. I recognize no good and bad: reason is no law for me, and what is justice. I gave you life. I take it from you and I give it to others, — worms and men, it

is all the same to me — but as for thee, protect thyself for a while and leave men peace.' "

"I strove to answer, but the earth moaned and trembled and I awoke."

Such is the view of Nature "red in tooth and claw" of the prosaic soul that views all about him with the eyes of a Peter Bell.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To such an one Nature means nothing but a collection of forces, and endless sucession of phenomena, an ordered system of inexorable laws.

But look with the eye of imagination and we see behind all phenomena and unseen forces that move them, the spiritual fact which they symbolize, — and we behold the soul of Nature: and lo, it is a soul like unto our own. And Wordsworth sings:

"What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light. He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And Ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds were touched
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy. His spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul and form
All melted into him: they swallowed up
His animal being: in them did he live,
And by them did he live: they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request.
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him: it was blessedness and praise."

* * * * *

For I have learned to look on Nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

* * * * *

This is the poetic view of nature, and thrilling is that expression when man perceives that the soul of nature, and the spirit within him are one, that behind phenomena, laws, forces, are spiritual powers like his own, that there is

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves."

That kindling of human imagination marked the beginning of art, poetry and religion and the rich fruitage of mythology—which is the first attempt to interpret the spiritual meanings of the universe, come into being.

"The miracle of the dawn, stealing silently out of the bosom of the night: the splendor of noonday, with its contrast between sun and cloud: the dip of the sun behind the western hills: the splendor of the afterglow, slowly fading into darkness:—these phenomena of the world's life sank deep into the consciousness of the childhood of the race and the imagination responded with a rich growth of poetic stories in which these phenomena of the visible world made to symbolize the phenomena of the inner world of man's nature and life."

And while we have passed out of the childhood of the race into its maturity; in such an age as this—when a materialistic science would strip away the gauzy robes or the dawn, and dissipate the afterglow on the eastern clouds: when all the poetry and the beauty that our ancestors invested with the garments of myth and legend are in danger of disappearing before the microscope and the crucible: when cold logic and merciless analysis would make of our world a set of laws and a collaboration of forces, there is need for the renaissance of that poetic and imaginative view of nature which is more than science and greater than reason, and which may restore to us a little of our childhood's faith and peace as we enter into

"that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the very breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

In this spirit and with this view of all Nature as full of spiritual meanings that our souls can understand, as speaking a mystic language that the heart can comprehend, let us approach the River and seek for its mystic and spiritual meanings, see not only the beauty of its flashing waters, but perceive the lessons of life it teaches: hear not only its rush and murmur, but listen to the parables of life it speaks.

I. Its pure springs are symbolic of the unpolluted sources from which our youth comes forth into life. Crystal clear in their innocence as the water in those mossy glens from which the stream begins its onward course, are those early days of growth and love, of peace and joy, of mother and home, to which we look back through a mist of tears. Pure, sweet, undefiled—God sends every life into the world. No taint of sin, no feeling of evil muddies the waters of our childhood. As free, as joyous, as full of power, as those gushing springs on the mountainside, did God our maker send us forth into the world.

2. Its ever increasing power and volume, fed by rills and brooks and tributaries is typical of the onward, ever-crescent progress of our human life, fed by the forces of knowledge, discipline, power, experience, that flow into us to augment our character, and enlarge the onrush of our lives. Some of these inflowing steams are clear and pure, fragrant yet with pine and cool with mountain snows. These are the forces that make our lives better and nobler. Some of these tributaries are full of silt and boulders. These are the forces of sorrow and trial that widen the banks and deepen the channel

of our lives. Some are dark with ooze and slime, refuse and sewage. These are the streams of sin pouring into our lives to befoul them utterly. And all pure or foul, large or small become a part of us, and are infused into our very being.

3. Its verdure-clad banks speak of the enrichment of life that each character can achieve. For the river does not live unto itself. Its down-pouring waters filter through bank and meadow to give life and power to tree and shrub, grass and flower. Its ribbon of green runs thru the waste of the desert as testimony of its life-giving. And so our human life as it goes its onward way is also to give itself to the sustenance and help of mankind, to gladden the world with the verdure that its living waters may create in the desert of pain and sorrow.

4. Its unhasting, unresting, ceaseless flow is a true symbol of the steady, continuous, serene, unhasting progress of the spiritual life of man. That soul-life within us that found its source in God will never cease its steady, onward flow. With energetic quietness, with masterful ease, without fret or worry or strain, this progress goes ever on. And as we stand by a placid river and note this steady, quiet, unhasting power, we feel unconsciously the calm and repose it speaks to our feverish intensity: and here again we have a parable of life. The foam and noise and rush and roar of the mountain-stream, its haste and turbulence—these are signs of youth, when life is yet young, and where energy expends itself in needless waste and vehemence: while the placid, smooth-flowing, mighty river is Maturity, which has learned the lesson of reserve and peace, and flows on quietly but resistlessly to its desired end.

5. The river's steady, onward flow to lose itself at last in the sea is the profoundest symbol in all nature of the steady, onward flow of human life to the sea of eternity. No power can change that resistless rush of the waters to the ocean. They may be deflected, but by straight course or devious ways they seek and find the deep. And so our human life ever goes on steadily to lose itself in the "eternal ocean of God's love." It is a solemn but not a saddening thought, for we are but returning whence we came, that the cycle of human life may be complete. And as the foulness and taint of the river are forever cleansed and purified in the infinite depths of the sea, so in the ocean of God's forgiveness, all the sin and the evil of our lives pass away.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool.
Cool and clear, cool and clear
By shining shingle and foaming weir.
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

"Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its smoky cowl:
Foul and dank, foul and dank
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank.
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow.
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child."

"Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar.
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

Such then are some of the symbolic, mystic meanings of the river to our human thought. And as we stand tonight by the banks of these rivers of earth and read with understanding mind the lessons of life they teach, we look forward to that city of God where, by the river of life, with its perennial music of crystal-clear waters, we shall some day stand, and learn the deeper meanings of the mysteries of God.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

Rev. E. Lyman Hood, President of Atlanta Theological Seminary.

In the beginning, Christianity was simply gospel. In his life on earth, Jesus organized no churches, founded no schools. Those, whom he called to companion with him, formed a brotherhood. The polity of the apostles was a living growth to meet distinct need. Ecclesiastical organization is not the cause, but the effect or result of life. Machinery does not generate power; it only transmits it. The outward form of the church is not the source of authority; it is only the agent.

What, then, is the National Council about which we are hearing so much in these days? What is its place, its function, in the work of the Congregational Churches? The editor has graciously requested me to answer these pertinent questions. And to do so intelligently, we must turn back to the beginnings of gospel history.

No one can read carefully the New Testament without realizing how unimportant mere organization was deemed to be. There were no popes, no bishops (as we know the office to be today), no presiding elders, only evangelists, pastors, teachers. With the development of the church, however, all the former were regarded honorable and indeed necessary. They exercised their great authority and power unwisely, until, in the sixteenth century, the mighty reform began. It was continued in the succeeding century by a further emancipation in which Congregationalism had its birth.

But congregationalism was more a restoration than it was a reformation. It was a passionate effort, that knew no sacrifice, to go back to the New Testament days of the apostles. The despotism of kings and the tyranny of bishops had aroused fear and suspicion in the hearts of all men. The only hope was the government of the churches by the people, for the people, with the people.

In Old England, Congregationalism had its birth and early development. Brown, Johnson, Ainsworth and John Robinson are the names of the leaders, which mark the successive epochs of its growth. The earliest forms of Independency did not have any place for a council, local,

national or international. These ancient separatists frowned upon ecclesiasticism, however. Bownism placed all authority in the Bible, as interpreted by the entire covenanted body of believers. Johnsonism tended to pure Presbyterianism. In Ainsworth, the pendulum swung back again somewhat to democracy, and the proceedings of the elders had to be ratified by the members of the local church. It is to John Robinson that we are indebted for the ideal polity that marks the transition from a semi-presbyterianism to congregationalism.

After fleeing from England, the separatists felt more and more the inadequacy of strict independency. The history of our denomination clearly proves constant effort in successive modifications to meet the demands of changing social and religious environment. Thus, the eagerly sought principle of united felowship was attained in Holland, and the first council was held in Amsterdam, in 1614, six years before the Pilgrims sailed for America. The voyagers of the Mayflower continued to cultivate assiduously this spirit of fellowship. They realized it was absolutely necessary to their well-being. The study of the government of the churches in the new world engaged their best thought for years.

The first to be held in the New World was called by "sundry elders and brethren" to meet in Newtown in August, 1637. That was seventeen years after the Pilgrim had landed on Plymouth Rock. The council remained in session twenty-four days and had a membership of about fifty persons. Their work consisted in "examining and condemning eighty-two erroneous opinions and nine unwholesome expressions" relating to theology. The influence of this conference was more in the fact of its existence than in any action taken.

The General Court of Massachusetts called the second synod to consider "the right of the civil magistrate to assemble the churches." It convened in 1646, but twice adjourned, finally to 1648. It was summoned by legislative invitation "to discuss, dispute, and clear up by the Word of God, such questions of church government and discipline as they shall think needful and meet." They adopted the Westminster Confession of Faith as "very holy, orthodox and judicious." They also issued a manual of church order, which was the recognized standard in all the churches throughout the colonial period. The churches at that time were fifty-three in number.

More than two hundred years passed before another general assembly of the Congregational Churches was called. There had been generations of Congregationalists with little or no Congregationalism. In the two centuries, great events had come to pass. The colonies had fought, side by side, and won independence of Great Britain. A hundred years more and a great civil war had shaken the national government to its very foundations. A mighty emigration, westward, from the shores of the Atlantic had crossed and possessed a wide continent. Urgent need resulted in national conferences of our churches in Albany, N. Y. in 1852; in June, 1865, in Boston; and in Oberlin, Ohio, in November, 1871, when the first of the "national councils" was held. "We stand on the grave of buried prejudice" was the significant remark of the presiding officer on taking the chair. Delegates numbering 276 represented the 3,100 churches of our Communion at that time with 310,000 members.

Since 1871, the national council has met every three years. The principle ever exemplified in these gatherings has been the safe-guarding of the prerogative of the local church as a self-governing body, and yet, withal, the fostering of co-operative effort for the welfare and peace of all the churches. Local church councils, from almost the earliest beginnings, had proved the worth and validity of the institution. It was a short step from the local to the national form of fellowship. The theory had not changed though the scope had enlarged. Theoretically, then, when the national council convenes, every member of every church in the United States is present to share in the deliberation and the results.

The great Gladstone once wrote, "Congregationalism brought from Europe all that was democratic in the English Constitution and all that was Protestant in English theology." And Congregationalism still delights to launch new Mayflowers in extending the far flung battle line of the Kingdom of God. There is no apparent reason why the Council, so soon to be held in New Haven, should not manifest marked progress. Denominational strife and doctrinal controversy are not troubling our Communion. We are at peace with all the world. Congregationalism, any way, is less an institution than an idea; less an organization than an organism. We believe the letter still killeth; but the spirit giveth life. The National Council has had unbroken continuity long enough to give historic perspective. The scholar may judge accurately of its function and usefulness in the work of all the churches. Life means growth and growth means change. But change calls for adjustment. Hence very important problems await solution, which are beyond the province, as they are beyond the power, of the local church to solve. The situation demands national consideration and national pronouncement. Delegates, who are looking forward to share in the deliberations of the Council, may wisely give thought to the following matters to come before us; the increasing independence of the national benevolent societies; the conscious authority of district and state assemblies; the conserving of our vast denominational financial resources; the wise control of our educational institutions; the safe-guarding of ministerial standing; the promotion of evangelism; the helpful enrichment of the worship in our churches; the expression of our belief, not as a test, but as a testimony. In renewed consecration let us give thanks for manifold blessings, and pledge ourselves to do more and better, North, South, East, West, for we are all brethren and one is our Master even the Christ.

At an appointed season, throughout the vast Empire of Russia, pilgrims gather in the Holy City on the Moskva, and, bowing at the high altar in the hallowed Temple, light their tapers to bear them patiently away to the uttermost parts of that wide realm, that the sacred fire may illumine their own fireside shrines, teaching them the unity of their faith, the love of country, the sanctity of religion. May it be our prayer that the elders and messengers of our churches, as they meet so soon in Council from all the churches throughout our broad land, to consider by intelligent co-operation the needs of the Kingdom of God, be spiritually quickened and enlightened, and return to their many homes bearing the sacred light and divine mesage, "one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism."

Atlanta, Georgia.

It is because men see only their bodies that they hate death.—Chinese Maxim.

THE HOPI INDIAN SNAKE DANCE.

Among the travelers from the East this year to the Pacific Coast was Mr. Roger Foster a New York man, who describes a weird ceremony which he witnessed in Arizona:

"The most impressive thing that I saw during my travels was the snake dance of the Hopi Indians on their reservation in Arizona during the last week of August. I have seen Asiatic snake charmers and the ceremonies of an African tribe who worked themselves into a frenzy by the hypnotic effect of the prolonged beating of the same note upon a tomtom and the heat of the camp fire, during which they bit off the heads of snakes and swallowed scorpions, but these expected backshish and it was generally believed that the fangs of the snakes had been removed.

"The Hopis neither welcomed nor levied tribute upon visitors, of whom there were a little more than a hundred present. There was no charge for admission and no collection. There was no posing and no imposture. Neither the snakes nor the men were under any hypnotic or narcotic influence. And credible investigators who have examined the serpents after the dance have found the fangs and bags of poison intact.

"I have seen the fire worshippers in Persia, but I have never witnessed a ceremony so primitive, so imposing or so ancient as this. I believe that nothing in the world exceeds it in these respects except the rite of cannibalism, which is said to be practised in Central Africa and by the voodoos in the West Indies. Yet it was performed within 100 miles of a railroad in a village scrupulously clean, among a people who ate fruit and vegetables preserved in cans; whose features are regular, who possess considerable physical beauty and who present the signs of a high state of civilization.

"The object of the ceremony is to obtain the rain which is greatly needed in the Arizona desert that surrounds the hill on which they live. Instead of limiting their suplications to a prayer, as we do in the Protestant Episcopal Church, they seek to earn a divine interruption of the laws of nature by an ordeal which subjects them to the danger of martyrdom.

"The snake dance is the culmination of a festival that lasts several days, during which it is preceded by other dances and by foot races. It is performed by a religious fraternity into which the members are initiated about the age of puberty. They prepare themselves for the rite by a fast and diet for a few weeks before, during which they collect the snakes. At the conclusion of the ceremony they drink an emetic and use a lotion, the contents of both of which are secret. This regimen is said to render them immune.

"The act of worship is performed in a courtyard of the village, surrounded on three sides by houses and on the fourth by a precipice, at each end of which is a footpath by the houses. In the middle are two ancient stones, one surmounting the other, to a height of about twenty feet from the ground, which bear a resemblance to the trunk of a tree.

"The ministrants were covered with war paint. Their only garments were loose flesh colored breeches, not reaching to the knees, high moccasins and a tail composed of the skin of a wild animal. Some wore necklaces of small birds. All had headdresses with feathers.

"The music was made by rattles shaken by a row of about ten men, some of whom represent the antelope and buffalo fraternities. The dance was performed by about twenty braves, in couples, one of each two holding red feathers with which he teased the snakes and sought to divert their attention from those that held them.

"The dancers entered in single file, passing before the musicians after each had stamped upon a piece of wood covering a hole, so that they might thus communicate with the Great Spirit in the bowels of the earth. This was followed by a dance consisting of a measured movement of the feet of the dancers and musicians as they stood in rows opposite each other. Then as they circled around the stone one of each couple in turn took a snake from the mass of shrubbery where the snakes were hidden in bags.

"The snakes numbered nearly fifty, mostly rattlers, with a few whip snakes and other serpents among them, since this summer rattlesnakes were scarce. Upon the first round each snake dancer seized a single snake, grasping it in the middle by his teeth, leaving it free to coil with the tail around his arm or neck, there to writhe, twist and rattle, while it might with the head hiss, strike and bite. Later some would take two or even three each in their hands and mouths.

"At times a snake was thrown from the dancer's mouth upon the ground, where it hissed and rattled. One of these charged upon the spectators, but a white man in the front row caught it by the neck and threw it back into the ring. In spite of the teasing of the feathers, the snakes more than once closed their teeth in the faces, necks and shoulders of those who held them, but the war paint concealed any blood that followed.

"Throughout the Indians chanted a prayer that the serpents would persuade the Great Spirit to give them rain, and women wearing bright colored shawls threw meal upon the ground. This lasted about half an hour. The Indians then threw all the snakes into the middle of a ring which they formed before the inner side of the stone and divided them among different couples, who ran with them down the trails upon the side of the cliff, going east, west, north and south, until they found dens among the rocks of the desert where they deposited the serpents. Finally the dancers took emetics and ablutions, in the latter being assisted by the virgins of the tribe and returned apparently unharmed to the sacred caves where they had prepared for the ceremony.

"The dance was followed by a storm of rain which blocked the traffic on the railroad for more than a day."

A PICTURE OF THE RISEN CHRIST ON THE WALLS OF A PENITENTIARY.

What is said to be a remarkable picture has been painted on the walls of the chapel in the state prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut. The artist, Miss Genevieve Cowles, lived for several months at two different times in the little town of Tiberias on the west shore of the sea of Galilee and went in the early mornings to the lake to study the effect of the sunrise over the waters. One who looked on the picture recently has written concerning it:

"The prison itself is light and airy, but the iron gates, the stone floors, the white walls, as well as the uniformed guards and the atmosphere of official watchfulness and restraint, all produced the depression that comes over

one as he realizes the tremendous repressive power of the State brought to bear on the men behind the bars. The words that come—unbidden and unwelcome—to the mind are:

All hope abadon, ye who enter here.

I passed through the barriers, with gates clanging behind me, and was conducted into a long, rectangular room, with bare walls and rows of seats. Then I looked up towards the platform at the end of the room. What vision of emanicipation and of splendid hope was before me? I found myself gazing out over the calm waters of a lake, on which the ripples seem almost to move. Beyond the lake, in the distance, is a range of mountains, with the shimmer of light on their snow-crowned summits. Athwart the lake, with wonderful rosy radiance, the light is streaming in from the sun but lately risen. Full in the foreground are eight figures, life-size. The central One startled me, as with some sudden recognition. It is the Risen Christ, not pale and shadowy, but flushed with spiritual energy and life, as though all the rich warmth and beauty of the picture were a certain outshining of His Presence. At His feet is the form of St. Peter, in utter abasement of penitence, yet in complete trust and self-surrender to his Master. He has just sunk down, overcome by the sense of shame, as the three-fold question, along with 'the fire of coals' on the beach, from which the smoke is rising, brings back the three-fold denial and the flickering flames in the courtyard of the high-priest's palace on that strange, awful night of his cowardice and sin. But St. Peter does not wholly sink under the burden of his self-reproach, for Christ holds him by the hand, and is just about to raise him up, and send him forth to shepherd His sheep far and wide. The other six disciples stand about, one of them up to his knees in the water as he leans on the boat, all of them in eager and attentive attitudes. But St. John with arms at his sides, the palms outspread, is taking in, beyond the others, the marvel of forgiveness and of redeeming, renewing love. What ministry of grace that picture will exercise."

THE RELIGIOUS UNREST IN INDIA.

In a paper that was read at the recent World's Bible Congress in San Francisco, the Rev. Henry J. Scudder of India quoted a leading thinker of Calcutta as having said:

"We are all feeling now the need of a new religious impulse, if the national movement is to go forward. But what this new religion is to be, which shall hold India together, we cannot even imagine. Hinduism can never do it; Islam cannot either. No mere eclectic religion such as theosophy can help us. You will probably say that Christianity is the supreme religion of the future, and we in India are looking anxiously toward it, as they are also in Japan. But the Christian religion in its present outward aspects does not greatly attract us; though its teaching as seen in the Sermon on the Mount is very beautiful and thoroughly Indian. We are really waiting, expecting, hoping for the new religious impulse to come. When it does come we shall recognize it and turn to it, and our present difficulties and disappointments will be ended."

The judgment of Mr. Scudder, as stated in his paper is that the drift in India is toward the Christian religion. His paper read in part: "India is indeed ready as never before. During the past 20 years a phenomenal change has taken place in that land. Caste barriers have begun to crumble, prejudice has been largely overcome, intense interest has been aroused, and the progress and increasing purity of the Christian community is arresting the attention of the thoughtful.

"Today the complete Bible is issued in the 18 of the great Indian languages, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and some part of the Scriptures is published or circulated by the same society in 83 of the languages. During 1914 portions of the Bible in three new languages of India and its borders were issued.

"It is estimated that 250,000,000 of the people of India have some portion of the Scriptures in their own language. There are however, fully 70 other Indian dialects spoken in which no part of the Bible has yet been published. This means that over 65,000,000 people of India have no portion of the Bible in their own language.

"The influence that the Bible has exerted upon India since the days of the East India Company is simply incalculable. Viceroys, governors, commissioners, collectors, and a host of other British and many Hindu officials have stated that the Bible is one of the most important aids to the English nation in the government, education, and betterment of the people.

"From the Himalayans, to Cape Comorin, from Bombay to Mandalay, and throughout Ceylon is a great network of schools and colleges in which the Bible is studied as a textbook.

"As in many other countries the Bible has been a powerful unifying force, so in India it is destined to be the magnet that draws, and the cohesive power which binds together the conglomerate races and tribes in that land of 100,000 castes."

THE MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA.

At a recent Northfield meeting, the Rev. C. E. Scott, a missionary from China, spoke on the need of taking advantage of the present missionary opportunity in China. He said in part:

"Europe has long realized that China is the greatest prize, commercially and politically, in the world. Some of the shrewdest schemes of European statesmen have been directed toward making gains in China. The nations are trying to bind this eastern giant before he awakes, as they know he will be too strong for them afterward. If China is forced to became a militaristic nation it can maintain a standing army of many million men. Students of world progress who differ hopelessly about the future of other nations are astonishingly unanimous in the opinion that China is the coming commercial and political center of the world. John Hay said the storm center of world politics has shifted eastward to China, where it will remain for the next 500 years.

China's future greatness can be confidently predicted from the potentialities of the country. Its location with long sea-coast and fine harbors; its size, occupying one-tenth of the habitable globe; its almost untouched and

incomparable mineral resources, including such riches as 119,000 square miles of fine anthractite coal, occuring with an average depth of 31 feet, and near deposits of iron, with facilities for its working; and its population, onefourth of that of the globe; all these indicate what its power wil be when its commercial invasion of the world begins. But even more remarkable are the characteristics of its people. Their combination of industry, patience, virility, fecundity and homogeneity impressed John R. Mott as did the qualities of no other people that he had observed.

Such a people is well worth wining for Christ, yet European nations have dealt with China in anything but a Christian way. England's opium policy, forced upon China at the point of the sword, has robbed her of more than $1,000,000,000 and of more lives than the whole population of England. France, which has turned out the priests and nuns at home, and taken over their property, has used them as her catspaw in China, and has seized large concessions there. Russia has stolen a province as large as half of Canada, and has extorted tremendous sums of money from China. Germany, and Japan have been engaged in the same plundering. With such treatment, why should China love "Jesus God" of the West?

The marvel is that in spite of all this the ruling classes in China are inclining toward Christianity. For years the missionaries could not reach them, and could make converts only among the peasants of the remote mud villages, who knew nothing of European depredations. But now missionaries are being welcomed even into the walled cities. The pity is that there are not enough of them to fill the need. The foreign missionaries should act only as tappers, cutting the wires and opening the way for the army of native evangelists. A plan is now on foot for establishing chapels in the walled cities, and the young Chinese men are willing to give up much higher-paid positions to take charge of these. The church failed in a great opportunity in China 50 years ago. Another opportunity has come to win China to Christ. "God help the Christian leaders to take advantage of it."

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON CHINA.

In his paper read before the World's Bible Congress in San Francisco the Rev. John R. Hykes, D.D., reviewing the history of the Bible in China attributed many of the radical changes for the better in Chinese life, character, customs and government, to the influence of the Bible. The paper was in part:

"China, after the sleep of centuries, is awakening to new wants and beginning to adopt a higher scale of living. This is the natural result of contact with western civilization and the spread of Christianity. The former has undoubtedly had much to do in bringing about the wonderful changes which have taken place in the 'Middle Flowery' land during the past hundred years. But the potent factor in the opening up of the country to trade. the promotion and strengthening of friendly relations with the stranger from the west and the bringing about of conditions which created new wants, is Christianity. The missionary has been the pioneer in the enlightenment of the people; and he has been the pioneer of trade. He alone has the treaty right to acquire property and reside in all parts of the republic.

"The evangelist and Bible colporteur travel to the remotest parts of the republic, allay prejudices, promote friendliness and enlighten the people as to the fruits of western civilization.

"Just after the Boxer uprising, in 1901, Chou Fu, the provincial treasurer of Shautung (afterward governor of the same province and later viceroy of the two Kiangs) in conjunction with Li Hung Chang, undertook the retranslation of the entire Bible into what they considered a worthy literary form. This work was begun with imperial sanction, that is, with the approval of the Empress Dowager. Two of the first scholars of the empire were engaged to do it. They copied out the entire Bible in the literary language, their object being to produce an independent version in what they considered a more acceptable dress, in order to acquaint the literary class with its contents and remove the prejudice against Christianity.

"Including the Nestorian, the Roman Catholic, the Greek church and some private or denominational versions, the Bible or some portions of it has been translated into 42 different Chinese languages and dialects; and Bible societies have distributed more than 70,000,000 volumes of the Bible in China during the period of missionary work."

Recounting an interesting incident in the bringing of the Bible to the attention of the rulers of China, the speaker said that two days after the Christian women of China had presented the Empress Dowager with a copy of the Bible, "a finely dressed servant, who said he was one of the 'Inner Palace' men, came to our bookstore to buy a copy of the whole Bible. He handed the helper at the store a piece of paper on which was written in characters of uncommon and striking style, 'One Old Testament, One New Testament.' When the clerk asked the servant who had written them he replied, 'the Emperor,' and said that his imperial master had seen the presentation copy of the New Testament, and wished to get a copy of the 'books of the Jesus religion.' Providentially I have no doubt, he was given an imperfect copy. In a few hours he brought it back with certain leaves turned down by the Emperor to mark its defects. It was stated that the Emperor spent much time in reading the Bible, and it was no secret in the palace that he frequently retired to a quiet place to pray to the true God; and that he even discussed making Christianity the state religion."

From this time on the circulation of the Bible among the educated and the official class became much easier, and it was introduced into a government school as a text book.

"The demand for the Scriptures from students in the government schools," said the writer, "is steadily increasing and sales to them total many thousands of copies every year. At the Peking book store 1353 Bibles and 10,601 New Testaments were sold last year, most of them to students. In some places the students in government schools have gone so far as to demand that the Bible be added to the curriculum as a text-book. This is not only the case in schools for men, but in those for young women as well. The head teacher in a government normal

school for girls in an important city said that she was simply forced to take up Bible study with her pupils as they demanded that they be taught the Scriptures."

Among the effective methods of distribution outside of the regularly organized societies described by the writer was that of personal circulation by well-to-do Chinese Christians. One gentleman purchased 5000 copies at one time for distribution to his friends. All were in good binding and some expensively bound in morocco. Accompanying each copy was a letter from the giver, printed on silk, giving a personal testimony to the value of the book.

In answering the question, what has the Bible done for China, Dr. Hykes wrote in part:

"The two forces which have brought about the transformations and reforms already effected in China are western civilization and Christianity. We point to the China of today, with the marvelous changes, the reforms in progress and the higher ideals, political, racial social and moral, to which China aspires, as a result of the influence of the Bible.

"Perhaps it is not too much to say that the quiet change from a monarchy to a republic is due to the wide study of the Bible by the most able and thoughtful of her people. It undoubtably had its influence in showing the dignity and worth of the individual as the child of God, and the equality of all men in His sight. The right of free thought, free speech, and free conscience which the republic has brought to the people will, in years to come, be credited to the Bible.

"Many thinking Chinese acknowledge that the Bible contributed largely to bringing about some of the most marked national reforms, and enumerate the revision of the criminal code, bringing it into harmony with the humane laws of western countries; the reforms in the administration of justice; prison reform; the abolition of opium-smoking, and the adoption of a national scheme of education.

"The parties to a suit in court are no longer required to perform the kowtow, and in criminal cases prostrate themselves before the official while giving their evidence. Witnesses may not be tortured to make them tell the truth; legal tortures are no longer permitted, and decapitation has been abolished.

"There have been many changes in the social life of China, which must be attributed to the influence of the Bible. Engagements of marriage are being entered into by the parties concerned instead of by parents. Polgamy is nearing its end. A sentiment has been created against foot-binding which will end this custom. It no longer exists among Christians, and the daughters of many non-Christians, some of them in high circles, have natural feet. With the Christian estimate of woman infanticide is declining."

COLORADO TO ORGANIZE COLLEGE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Colorado College, Colorado Springs, opens a new department this fall. It is proposed to place the activities having to do with the religious life of the institution upon as strong a basis as those of any other department of the College. More than half of the funds needed to call a man of ability and devotion to take charge of the religious activities of the College have already been secured. He will be at the head of a department which will have for its subject modern religious movements and their relation to the large social problems of the day. These will include missions, social work in cities, charities, and kindred subjects.

There is a strong feeling throughout the country that the religious life in American colleges needs to be intensified and broadened, and it is believed at Colorado College that this must be the result of joint efforts of faculty and students. At the close of the college year last June a number of meetings of leading students and members of the fauculty was held at the residence of the president of the College, and it was decided to set in motion a movement which should lead to calling as head of this whole work some man of broad training and large experience. The trustees have given their hearty support to this movement, and the instructor to be appointed will be a member of the faculty in full standing.

MORE FOREIGNERS IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The centre of the world's trade is shifting because of the war, and so are the centres of learning. Where students used to go to Leipsic, Jena or Oxford, they are now coming to Harvard and Chicago and Columbia. New York, Chicago and Buenos Ayres are becoming the centres for the students of Latin America and the Orient.

Fully five thousand of these young men from abroad are already enrolled in the colleges and universities of the United States. They represent practically every one of the twenty-one Latin American republics, the Philippine Islands, China, Japan, India, Africa, the Turkish Empire and many European nations. Over three hundred have registered in the University of California, nearly as many in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, while scores are crowding into the great State universities and technical schools. The immediate future will no doubt show a much larger number of students of all nations attending college in Uncle Sam's domain. Five years ago there were about one thousand; to-day there are five thousand; five years from now there will be fully ten thousand.

The effect of the American training of these students has been very noticeable, says the World Outlook. Returning foreign students have taken back with them ideas that have had a profound effect on their native lands. Examples of this are frequent. The late Francisco I. Madero, one time President of Mexico, was a graduate of an American university. It was he who, imbued with the freedom of America, returned to Mexico and organized and enthused his people to end the Diaz despotism. That he was unable to control the situation when he gained the Presidency in no way detracts from the great work he began, which may ultimately result in a free and peaceful Mexico.

The constitution of republican China was drawn up by a Yale graduate, Chengting T. Wang. The first Chinese Ambassador sent to Mexico by the new republic was another American college graduate, W. Koo, who was graduated at Columbia University at the same time that John Bassett Moore was graduated in international law. Many of the leaders in the Chinese revolt secured their education in America.

INVISIBLE WARSHIPS.

An invisible warship—that is, one which cannot be seen at sea when it is inside the horizon line—is now being striven for by the United States navy and is likely to become a real accomplishment in the near future; the New York Post says: "The experiments are being conducted with the destroyer flotilla at Newport, R. I. Persons who have recently had occasion to see that fleet have wondered whether the vesels represent an escaped menagerie or whether the Navy Departmnt and the officers in command have simply gone crazy. As a matter of fact, the experiments have proceeded far enough to demonstrate that the destroyer fleet is now practically invisible at sea, even with the aid of binoculars, and it may be only a question of time when the bulky battleship can be made practically invisible at the range at which naval battles are now fought.

"The principle which the navy is now following is exactly the same principle which animals employ when their best means of defense lies in suiting their outer coloring to their environment. It will be readily recalled that the American fleet was originally painted white, one of the most striking colors on water in existence. At the present time the battleship fleet and most of the auxiliaries are painted a battle gray, so called. Now this theory is discarded on the ground that a solid color of any kind can be distinguished at sea, whereas a mottled surface, like the surrounding water itself, breaking up into lights and shades, will make almost any bulk invisible at a distance proportionate to size. Abbott H. Thayer, an Englishman, who studied the colorations of wild animals and particularly water fowl, noting at what distance their color enabled them to become invisible to the naked eye and under the glass, and who is said to have taught Theodore Roosevelt much that he knows on the subject of invisible animals, is largely responsible for the navy taking up the problem. Mr. Thayer conducted a series of experiments in the Navy Department a year ago and demonstrated that under certain conditions the model of a torpedo boat painted by him could not be seen, while a similar vessel painted gray was plainly visible.

"At Newport the destroyers have been painted in numerous ways to test their visibility. Some of them have been painted like checkerboards, in alternate squares of black and white, but the most elusive combination discovered to date consists of horizontal, irregular, serpentine lines of black paint along the sides of the destroyers with a background of battle gray. The serpentine curves correspond substantially to the waves of the sea, and the mixed colors conform in part to the mottled surface of the water. The funnels, on the other hand, are painted in irregular spirals, and it is said the destroyers painted in this way are more nearly invisible close at hand than at a greater distance.

"As soon as the problem is solved to the satisfaction of the naval authorities a scheme for painting the battleships will be worked out for use in time of war. It is already reported in this country that the British navy has ships painted in all sorts of colors on patrol duty in and around the North Sea and that the plan has worked with great success. Mr. Thayer evolved a plan of covering up funnels and fighting-tops with a series of planes intended to reflect the color of the sky, but the plan has not been found entirely practicable for the reason that the roll of the ship destroyed the reflection intended, and at times made the vessels even more prominent to the eye than before, and also because the winds frequently made their use impossible altogether.

"Another experiment being conducted by the navy is one intended to make periscopes invisible. While they are practically so now, the wake they leave behind them can always be detected because it runs in a straight line of foam. Nevertheless, any progress toward invisibility is regarded as of consequence, and it is probable that in the near future plans will be devised for preventing the periscope itself from being seen."

OPTIGRAMS.

Hugh Elmer Brown.

It is easier to socialize property than to socialize men.

Sermons may tire people, but the Gospel never.

Nothing in this world is half so sacred as the human soul.

The good we can think of is always possible.

The only way to "love everybody" is to pick out a few near at hand and focus affection upon them.

Sympathy is both a mood and an act. The peril is that sympathy may linger in the realm of mood and shunt the realm of act.

It is painfully possible to have a general good will to all mankind without specific kindness to any man; to love humanity and ignore men; to have a vague affection for the "masses" along with ill-dusguised contempt for near by individuals.

Real sympathy is motional as well as emotional; energetic as well as pathetic taking no pleasure in "tears, idle tears."

To dole out a few turkeys at Christmas is good; but to have a social order where every man can buy his own turkey is vastly better.

To gather up the wounded in the struggle for existence is splendid; but to Christianize the struggle itself is ideal.

Inspiration is for everybody. That which is not available to every man cannot mean much to any man.

The holy light upon the human face is a sign made by the passing of the Infinite through creation.

The one possible purpose of human life is to love and be loved.

There is one sadder than a "boy without youth;" and that is a man without sincerity.

Humanity must give idea-form to its religious ideals. Religious speculation is inevitable and momentous.

Earth is not a side street in space. Astronomy is leaning more and more to the biblical notion of the earth as the "main street!"

Look out for one shining universal church where all faiths kneel as brothers in one place.

Religion is the salient social factor. It is queen-bee in the human hive. It is perpetual parent of the things which abide.

Christianity's worst foe in our generation is the intellectual neutrality or indifference of so many thoughtful people.

SECRETARY ATKINSON'S FINDINGS IN WESTERN MINING REGIONS.

The Rev. H. A. Atkinson, fresh from five weeks' experience in the mining districts of Idaho that are controlled by the Guggenheim interests of New York, reports to Congregationalist authorities that churches in that region count for little. He reports that many men in the management contribute to religious causes, but never enter the churches. As for the workingmen, they work seven days every week. Sunday is unknown, and so are holidays. Families of a few workmen are reached, but they are few. Mr. Atkinson studied conditions from the point of view of a social service worker.

The report urges Congregational churches to join with others in efforts to bring about in these Idaho mining regions three radical reforms. These are the institution once more of Sunday, or at any rate that miners shall have one day's rest in seven; that there shall be provided an adequate compensation law, similar it may be to the laws obtaining in Illinois and Massachusetts, and that there be set up recreational and cultural agencies for improvement of communities. Mr. Atkinson believes the local churches if helped financially, can provide the cultural agencies, but says the churches in the whole nation can alone change industrial and wage conditions, and even then there may be a long and difficult campaign.

It is further reported that in one district where are 3500 miners almost 400 were killed or severely injured during the year, and that with practically no redress for injured, or payment to families. Mr. Atkinson believes this to be the highest record of injury to industrial workers that any district in America has yet shown. He declares also that there ought to be reform in manner of payment of wages. Some men are now compelled to pay ten per cent interest on money borrowed against wages already due them. That is, this high rate is paid on workmen's own money—ten per cent per month, or 120 a year. —Boston Transcript.

SOME FRAGMENTS.

From a Fragmentarian.

A noted preacher and lecturer has made a confession. It was humiliating, but frank and noble. It emphasizes the particular peril there is in large salaries to any one engaged in a ministry.

When a servant forgets his serving, when a minister loses his missionary ideal, he loses his soul. It would not be difficult, just now, though extremely hazardous, to discover reasons why all ministers should be underpaid.

An interesting study for some statistician is to average up the actual accomplishments for the kingdom of heaven of men, who have too much pay and of those who receive barely enough.

There's a temptation in pelf that steals away a preacher's ministry. An ideal condition might be, that the preacher should be guaranteed against penury in old age, and yet through his active life be ever kept close to the borderland of want.

Poor men have ever done best service. The rich are seldom able to stand up against the evil strength of their riches. The most gifted man would save his soul, and his ministry also, if he would refuse to accept large emoluments.

This is not our present day course of reasoning, neither is it the habit of an unspiritual world; but there are suggestions in it worth following out.

The smoker we always have with us. We are ever in peril of being smoked. If we chance to be a smoker, our equanimity is not likely much to be disturbed. But if we chance not to be, we stand a fair chance, willingly, of becoming a smokee.

The smokees are still in considerable majority; but it is a meek and mild majority.

Boston's erstwhile famous expounder of Biology, on being asked if he objected to a neighbor's smoking in a car, answered abruptly, "Not if you swallow your smoke." But the still majority in these degenerate days is very still.

In cafeteria, in hotel coridor, in theater, in a thousand other places as much his as the smoker's, the smokee meekly suffers. He holds his breath as long as nature permits, he secure a eat next to the window, he sprinkles eau de cologne lavishly on kerchief and wardrobe; and still he suffers—suffers in silence and meekness.

An aggressive minority makes the genteel majority feel like thirty cents. And there is no end.

Among the Churches.

Campbell.—We have just had our second annual rally-day bonfire social. We gathered in the large lot in the rear of the church, with chairs in the shelter of the two long rows of horse sheds, a large bonfire in the center and lots of room for games etc. For the program each officer and teacher responded wits some "Stunt." One of the best being African Bird notes and monkey calls by Raymond Cowles. Watermelons for 200 people were provided by the Sunday School, and, strange to say, none were left! We find these annual bonfire socials a helpful as well as a jolly thing. We observe Rally Day the Sunday following.

Pomona.—Rev. William Orr Wark of Claremont, who supplied the pulpit of Pilgrim Church during September, has been engaged to continue through the month of October. The morning service September 26th, was given largely to a commissioning service for Dr. Lucius Williams Case, a member of the Church who sails the last of October for Gavao, Island of Mindanao, Philippines, where he will engage in medical missionary work under the American Board. Rev. Mr. Wark spoke at this service on "Our Master's Commission," and the Commissioning Charge was given by President James A. Blaisdell of Pomona College.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday morning, the Rev. F. A. Bissell will read a paper on, "Paul."

The Rev. D. Ebina, D.D., of Japan, preached in the First Church, Oakland last Sunday evening.

The entire membership of the Richmond Church of San Francisco is signing a letter to the pastor, the Rev. F. L. Cooper, asking him to remain with the Church as its pastor.

The Rev. D. Ebina, D.D., of Japan gave a fine address at the Minister's meeting last Monday. He told how Christianity was gradually getting a mighty hold in Japan, and he spoke very highly of the work of the American Missionaries. He pleaded for generous treatment of the Japanese on the Pacific Coast.

The funeral of Mrs. Cooper wife of the pastor of Richmond Church, was held at Gray's parlors on Monday afternoon. A large crowd were present consisting mainly of the ministers and their wives and members from the Richmond Church. The service was conducted by Rev. Robert Walker and Dr. C. F. Aked offered the prayer. Flowers were sent by the Congregational minister's wives club and by the ministers' Monday Club as well as many beautiful ones from friends in the church. Mr. Walker spoke of the useful and beautiful life of Mrs. Cooper, and told of her faithful service in his mission in New York. The Ministers' Monday Club instructed the Secretary to write Mr. Cooper of the love and sympathy of the ministers.

It was voted at the ministers' meeting that the Secretary be instructed to write the San Francisco daily papers approving of the fight against the Lottery business and calling upon the officials to enforce the laws against the lottery evil.

ANNUAL MEETING OF WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California and The Northern California Branch of The Woman's Board for the Pacific, will hold their annual meeting at the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, Thursday, October 7. Sessions 10:00 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Luncheon twenty-five cents.

Mrs. H. J. Kinnear will speak on Medical Work in Foochow, China, and Mrs. A. J. Kennedy on The Call of the Hour.

The Congress of Missions and Mount Hermon Federate School brought to us inspiration and suggestions. Now shall we not come together to discover how much real work we accomplished during the past year, and to plan for still better, more efficient service in the months before us?

Please be present as promptly as possible for each session, as our program is a full one. The meeting will close at 3:15 p. m.

PREPARATION.

Hast thou a cunning instrument of play,
'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright,
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
Be ready day and night.
For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall say:
"These virginals are apt"; and try a note.
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,
That men shall stand to listen on the way,
And all the room with heavenly music float.

—T. E. Brown.

The Home.

A SIMPLE RULE OF CONDUCT.

"Never let the sun set upon your displeasure," was the admonition recently given a prospective bride by a matron noted for her diplomacy and womanly attributes.

The suggestion was offered, in the course of a confidential chat relative to plans for the all-important happenings—and developments of the later days. The wisdom embodied therein appealed with such favor to the engaged girl that she asked the matron to repeat the story at the "announcement party." Coupled therewith in the later instance was this comment:

"You know, girls, this 'dream of perfect bliss' to which you are looking so eagerly will be interrupted occasionally with problems and conditions which may lead to displeasure and eventually drift into anything but an agreeable atmosphere—and you simply must avoid that. Of course, each of us thinks we have or will have the best man in the whole wide world, but every once in a while he's sure to do just the thing you don't want him to do, and always at a time that will provoke you terribly; but you must learn to gracefully bridge a situation over, and never let the good-night greeting be forgotten. If you let your pride rule, and have one day slip without speaking, it's the easiest thing in the world to have a repetition of the performance the second day, and by the end of the week there will be a gulf which you will find very embarrassing to cross."

Discussing the matter later, the girls agreed perfectly with their comrade matron, and incidentally assured her that they found the solution to her successful ruling of the happiest new home they had ever visited. As a parting shot was volunteered the information that patience figured prominently in enforcement of the rule, but she would expect them to redeem the promise they willingly made.

In connection with the tale comes this thought: Why should not each individual accept the rule which so successfully governed the procedure of this young matron? Whether married or single, are there not innumerable annoyances crowded into each day; conditions, too, in which the one whom we may count most upon figures unfavorably. Instead of cherishing ill-will, suppose we investigate all the circumstances, and unless absolute unfairness or disloyalty is encountered, have the matter cleared before the setting of the sun.—Ex.

THE POLITE MOTHER.

There is but one way I know of to teach good manners to children; good manners, that is, that are worth the practicing and are not mere polish and sham and hypocrisy; but one way, and that is—oh, simple formula!—to practice good manners ourselves.

It is a simple means; it does away with worry, with anxiety, with tedious training, with mortification and a hundred other ills; and yet, it is the means we most neglect. All over the land, unthinkable women are still saying to the casual guest: "How good of you to come! Oh, no, you are not late. Well, it doesn't matter a bit; but

to the child the old formula: "What did I tell you!" Don't let me have to speak to you again." "Thomas, shut that door!' and a hundred other unexcusable crudities.

In speaking of good manners, I would not have you think I refer only to that case and graciousness of manner which we are wont to call politeness. The crudities we display in dealing with our children affect unfortunately far more than their outward deportment. They influence harmfully the mind and spirit as well as the manner. Our contrasted manners toward him and toward strangers cultivate in the child an indifference to truth; they teach him insincerity; they give him standards of crudeness and unkindness which are at variance with the standards of high-minded and noble people. These failures and inconsistencies of ours rob him in a hundred ways. They wear upon his nerves as only illogical, irrational, unharmonious, and inconsistent things can do. The child brought up in a home of rude crude manners, goes into the world gravely crippled, harmed and handicapped. He has been robbed before he begins his journey.—Laura Spencer Porter in The Mother's Magazine.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Have you precious old-home memories of days long since passed away? And was there ever a time when their insistent voice drove your wayfaring feet back once more to the spot whence in babyhood they started on their long journey? You have? Then this little extract in The San Francisco Argonaut from a man's impressions on returning to his boyhood home after fifty years of absence will touch a responsive chord in your heart.

I can look down, he says, into the little hollow where we lived. There is no cabin left, no garden, nor orchard, unless that far-off clump of wildness contains some of the apple trees father planted.

The years have taken more than I dreamed they could take from any man's old home. I cannot find anything here that I do not have now, still I must go down and see if those are old apple trees.

Yes, this is the oldest corner of the orchard, and five trees are left, unpruned, neglected for many years. I recognize the russet tree, and mother's sweet for baking and the Tulpehocken that the Dutchman father found on the road with a broken leg sent him afterwards. The smell of the russet apples comes back. Johnny and I used to climb out there on that limb and sit in that crotch eating apples after dinner. Father would come along and throw grass roots at us—and laugh, and say, "Time to dig potatoes!"

Here is the path to the spring. It was steep and slippery in wet weather. I fell down once with a bucket of water. This, so spoiled, is the old spring; the house is gone, the stones have fallen in, the cattle have trampled it. But as I look closer there is one angle of the spring wall left. The fallen rocks have protected it, and there the heart of the spring gushes up, just as it used to, I suppose, ages ago for passing creatures of the wilderness. How often have I thirsted in friendless deserts for one single drop of cold spring water!

There! Little spring, you have not given so much as you now give to any man before in all your thousands of years. You gave to all alike; but to me you seem to have given the waters of remembrance. As a ray of sun slants into your hand-breadth of clear water you show me a little red-headed boy leaning over to drink.

Give me another taste, little mountain spring, and I will go and sit by the ruins of our chimney.

The hearthstone is here, and half of the chimney. I will roll this corner stone of the cabin in front, and here I will sit, as close as I used to in those cheerful winter evenings. Father sat on that side, reading aloud from his paper. Johnny sat beside him, while I popped the corn. Mother sewed and rocked baby Margie in the cradle that father had made for her.

The chimney does not seem broken; the sun is kept out somehow by walls and roof; I hear a door softly shutting as mother takes Margie off to lay her down; I hear the rustle of father's newspaper; he has been reading about Elisha Kent Kane, and we have been shivering with arctic cold. Mother comes back, tells us a story, helps me with my lesson in arithmetic and hears Johnny read.

Father takes down the big Bible that grandfather brought from Conecticut. The old tomcat—"that irreligious cat," as mother calls him—rises, stretches and insists on being let out to go to the barn. Father reads and explains as he goes along, and then we kneel in prayer.

I can hear him now. No man I have ever known had such a clear reading and speaking voice. You loved to listen to him. He made you comprehend every word. I know now that if father had cared about it he might have made a famous preacher, lawyer or politician. How did it happen, father, that you and mother never thought of worldly success? that you were without ambition? that you, with all your education, your refinement, your friends everywhere in the great world outside, chose this little, little place, made your home here, worked so hard with your own hands, passed away from here and were—Later I will look on the hilltop that you chose, father.

You had a voice as of that Harry Clay whom you knew and loved. You taught me so much; how is it that I could not learn from you and mother that innermost knowledge, that life without haste or fret, that quiet unselfishness that I have thought of all these years, but I have not made my own.

I begin to understand in some degree what a fellowship was here in our family circle by this once so comfortable fireplace. It seems to me that now I can carry more burdens for others, can better handle my own. Almost have I heard my father's voice again; almost have I seen my mother's face, and the sleeping baby; almost the red coals scorch my hands as I swing the corn popper over them; almost I watch Johnny go to sleep, and open the door for the cat, and listen to the deep, full-chested voice talking face to face with his heavenly Father.

Only once or twice since have I heard any man speak in prayer with that sense of nearness and certainty. I wish that I had it myself, as both father and mother had, and as the sense of it was always with them.

How warm the hearthstone is, and how familiar is the old fireplace, and as I look around I can see the whole cabin—books, and the rifle, and prints hanging on the walls, and there is the knothole into which baby used to drop mother's thimble.

It grows late. Good-by, dear unforgotten cabin. You still do exist, and it may well be that all the rest is some-

where, still going on, still alive; that the mother love—
But now I will climb the low hill, east of the orchard, in the very midst of the old farm. There they were laid to rest, all of them, one by one. There is a place for me, too.

I will go and sit awhile on the hilltop between father and mother, to tell them the things I wish I had told them long ago, and it will be good for my soul. Then I will go back to the city and into the fight again.

For The Children.

LITTLE MISS TOUCHY.

Little Miss Touchy won't play any more;
She has flounced herself home and has banged the front door;
While little Miss Sunshine and Miss Laughing Eyes
Have stood by and watched her in silent surprise.

Now, what is the reason that Miss Touchy Toe
Has stopped in her play and has misbehaved so?
She says it's because she has had to be "it"
Five times, and she doesn't like it a bit!
And they kept playing tag when she wished to play ball!
And they whispered about her and laughed at her doll!
And she knows they don't like her, or surely they'd try
To do what she wants and would not make her cry!

She forgets that all morning she had her own way
As to what they should do and the games they should play.
And they had to be "it"—well, not five times, but nine,
While she went on romping and thought the play "fine."

And the whispering that grieved her was nothing at all
But Sunshine's kind plea that they stop and play ball
Just to humor Miss Touchy. Her mate whispered, "Yes,"
And then, true to her name, gave a laugh, I confess.
It was not at the doll nor at poor Touchy Toe,
But she laughed just because she was happy, you know.

And then Touchy cried and exclaimed, "Tisn't fair!"
And went home in a pet because they "didn't care"
How wretched she was! She could plainly see
That nobody liked her. Poor Touchy, to be
So selfish and silly! I wish that she knew
The way to keep pleasant and happy, don't you?

—St. Nicholas.

"A NICE DAY FOR DUCKS."

One rainy day Jack sat by the window, where he could look into the poultry yard and watch the ducks. They were the only creatures that seemed to enjoy the rain.

"Why is it, grandmother," Jack asked, "that the chickens have to keep out of the rain, and the ducks stay in the wet and keep dry and have such a jolly time?"

"No, you never see a wet duck," grandmother replied. "Not even the wild duck, that spends most of his time swimming in ponds. You can watch him dive for food, and come up dry as a bone."

"But why?" Jack insisted. "They have feathers like chickens."

"The secret of the difference is, that the duck's feathers are oiled," grandmother said.

"Who oils them?" Jack questioned.

"It is one of nature's provisions, dear," grandmother continued. "God made the ducks to live on water, and, of course, prepared them for the life. There is an oil-making gland on the duck's back, near the tail. The duck with his bill spreads a film of thin oil all over his feathers. Now, oil and water will not mix, so the water cannot get through this oil to wet the duck's feathers."

'I knew oil and water would not mix," Jack said, "but I didn't know ducks carried their oil around with them."

"And this oil makes it easier to swim, too," grandmother added. "The chickens do not have their feathers so well oiled, and that is why they seek shelter when it rains, and the ducks welcome the showers,"—The Child's Gem.

THE YOUNGEST KNIGHT.

There was great excitement throughout the great court in front of the king's castle. The tanta-raa, tanta-raa, tanta-raa of the herald's trumpet echoed through the hills, and the knights came hurrying up from all directions. They had worked and waited for this hour for a whole year and now it had come! On a nail near the king's throne hung the prize sword, and the diamond in the hilt was so bright that it rivalled the sun.

What a strange-looking band of knights they were! Some carried several swords strung to their horses and armor; some carried flags that were torn and ragged; some had lost an arm and some a leg. But all hurried eagerly forward at the call of their king. This was the day when the sword with the diamond in its hilt was to be put into the hands of the most worthy knight, the one who lived most nobly, the one whose actions were most approved by the king.

First Sir Terible stepped before his king! he showed the swords he had won.

"Yes," said the king," but you took these in the night-time. The lord of the castle you attacked was ill and troubled; you took the swords in unfair battle. Such swords are no trophies."

Sir Terrible hung his head and stood aside.

Next came Sir Bold. He held his head high and he showed the wounds he had received.

"Yes," said the king, "but the fight you fought was against the knight who had gone to help the dragon Intemperance. That was no battle for a knight of mine to fight," and he moved Sir Bold aside.

Next came Sir Merry, and he showed the flags he had won.

"Yes," said the king," but one was the flag that floated from the good ship Mercy; you were cruel when you took that flag," and his eyes were filled with tears as he waved Sir Merry away.

Next came Sir Proud with a cloak flung over his shoulder.

"Yes," said the king, "but you took the cloak from one who needed it. It was the poor man's only treasure," and the king motioned this unworthy knight away.

So he went through the lists; some had done brave deeds, but they were not done in the noble way the king desired; the deeds of others were not good and brave at all, but only shams.

By and by the king came to the youngest knight of all, Sir Faithful. "And what trophy have you to show?" he asked.

"Nothing, O king; I have nothing to bring," and he hung his head.

"Nothing?" echoed the king.

"No, I did not get out of sight of the castle wall when I heard the herald's call. I knew not that the time was pasing so fast."

"Ah, but I understand, my faithful one. To-day the little child whom you watched through the fever is playing in the meadow. To-day the old man whom you rescued in the highway is happy in his home. To-day the mother to whom you gave your purse is well and caring for her children. The windows of the little chapel on the hill which you were to polish are as bright as the diamond in the sword's hilt. You went there every week."

"But those things were only my duty, O king."

"Ah, Sir Faithful, rightly you were named! Only your duty, little one! Did you think I asked for more?" and he placed the sword with the diamond in the hilt in the hands that had won.—Florence Brown, in The King's Builders.

THOSE TASKS.

A task never grows smaller and lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a few other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said his father one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work at that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them, I'll never get them hoed."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress:

"It makes me sick to think about those old potatoes!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said laughingly.

"I have to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?

"Well, I—I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said, "I never thought of that!"

The potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—Golden Days.

TWILIGHT.

Above the chimney pots the swallows fly,
Or spread their dusky painted wings; and hie
In circling swoops across the sky.

In sooty clouds, they top the trees and brush
The gable's ledge, or with whizzing rush
Plunge down to earth, and break the twilight's hush.

—Margaret Easter.

JUDGING.

Oh, what a difference it makes whether a man is judging another or himself!—Goethe.

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